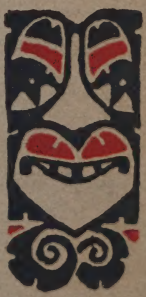
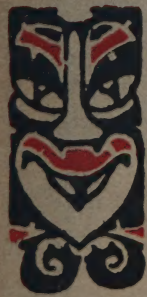


Beyond the Giant Mountains

:Tales From Bohemia:



BEYOND THE GIANT MOUNTAINS

TALES FROM BOHEMIA

By Adolf Wenig

Translated by Lillian P. Mokrejs

In Bohemia it seems that the Devil is a rather delightful old fellow, a little slow to be sure, a little ill-natured, but far different from the arch fiend of the more western parts of Europe, and a far more agreeable companion for boys and girls. The simple peasants outwit him at every turn and the stories of the amazing pranks they play on him will delight young and old.

The volume is illustrated with bold black and scarlet pictures and decorations which are the work of a Cech illustrator of note. The spirit of the stories and the gay, bold temperament of the people are admirably interpreted by the artist.

Beyond the Giant Mountains :Tales From Bohemia:



REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.

*Archive
Collection*



* This book may not leave the Offices
and is borrowed must be returned within 7 days *

A rectangular border made of small red dots, enclosing the central text.

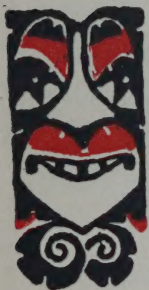
BEYOND THE GIANT MOUNTAINS

BEYOND THE GIANT MOUNTAINS TALES FROM BOHEMIA

By
ADOLF WENIG

Translated by
LILLIAN P. MOKREJS

With Illustrations by
JOSEF WENIG



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

1923



COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY LILLIAN P. MOKREJS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

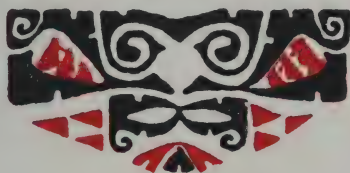
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

CONTENTS

How the Devil contended with Man	1
How a Soldier punished the Devils	9
About the Real and the Unreal Devils	23
The Devil's Gifts	31
About the Devil and the Blacksmith	43
How the Devil became afraid of a Woman	53
How a Young Man served in Hell	63
The Devil's Mill	75
How an Old Woman cheated the Devil	83

BEYOND THE GIANT
MOUNTAINS

HOW THE DEVIL CONTENTED WITH MAN



BEYOND THE GIANT MOUNTAINS

HOW THE DEVIL CONTENDED WITH MAN



ONCE upon a time there was a poor man who had a hard time making a living. His little hut at the edge of the village, old and weather-beaten, and a tiny field on the side of a hill, were all he possessed. Five hungry children cried for food and the poor mother had nothing to give them. Most of the time, all they had to eat was bread and water, the bread so hard that it crunched between their teeth.

One day the mother, who had received some flour for work she had done, wanted to bake bread, and, as there was nothing with which to make a fire, the father said he would go into the woods and gather some dry sticks. So he went to the forest and was searching for dry branches, when who should stand before him but the devil! Now this poor man was very brave and he wasn't frightened the least bit.

"What are you searching all the trees for?" asked the devil.

"For a young linden, my black friend. Of its fiber I



shall make a rope with a noose on the end with which to catch devils. Such a rope will be a fine thing, for they cannot escape from that."

At this the devil, because he was foolish, became much frightened.

"Oh, don't do that! Truly that would be bad for us. What can I give you to leave us in peace?"

"Bring me a bag of gold!" answered the man.

The devil disappeared, but in a few minutes returned with the bag of gold, gave it to the man, and hurried off to hell rejoicing.

There he said to the other devils, "My dear brothers, I have saved you from a terrible danger."

But, when he told them all, they only laughed at him.

"How foolish you are to give a bag of gold for nothing! Now you shall go back to that man and wrestle with him for it."

So the devil came up to earth, sought out the poor man, and said that he had given him too much for his favor; that they should wrestle together, the stronger one to have the gold.

The man, cunning as a fox, agreed at once.

"I have a grandfather," he said, "an old man ninety and nine years old. If you overcome him, it will be the same as though you overcame me."

And he led the devil into the woods, among the rocks, where a bear had his den.

"There lies my grandfather; do you see him?"

The devil went bravely up to the bear, wakened him, and said, "Come, grandfather, let us wrestle."

But the bear quickly snatched the devil with his great paws and hugged him till his bones began to crack. The devil had all he could do to get away, and straight as an arrow, he flew back to hell.

"I want nothing to do with that man. He has a grandfather, an old man ninety and nine years old, who has so much strength that it is terrible. What must the grandson's be?"

But the devils were not satisfied, and all insisted that he must return to the earth and again contend with the man.

So the devil again sought out the man and asked him to race, the money to go to the swifter.

The man, a thorough rogue, consented at once.

"I have a little son, a tiny fellow, who is not yet a year old. If you outrun him, it will be the same as though you had outrun me."

And he led the devil to the edge of the woods where a rabbit lived among the bushes.

"There lies my little son; do you see him?"

The devil went to waken the rabbit.

"Get up, little fellow, let us race."

But the rabbit did not wait for the devil to get ready. He sprang from his hiding-place and ran. The devil

started after him and ran as hard as he could, but was not able to catch up. Directly in their path was a gorge, deep and rocky, with a stream at the bottom. The rabbit leaped; the devil leaped after him, only to fall splashing into the water. Crawling out all bruised and dripping, he looked about for the rabbit, which was just then scampering over the other side. So the devil went limping back to hell.

“I want nothing more to do with that man. He has a son, a little fellow not yet a year old, who runs like the wind. How must the father run?”

But because the devils all insisted, this foolish one had to return to the earth a third time to contend with the man. This time to whistle.

The man was willing at once.

“Whistle!” ordered the devil.



"Just you begin and do your best," answered the man.

The devil whistled once; leaves fell from the trees. He whistled the second time, more loudly; twigs dropped off. He whistled the third time, and great branches broke.

"Oh, your whistling is weak," said the man. "When I whistle, the trees will fall, the noise will deafen you!"

At that the devil begged the man to tie up his ears. The man gladly tied a kerchief not only over his ears, but over his eyes too. Then, picking up one of the strongest of the broken branches, he whistled and struck the devil over the head with it.

"See, I told you the trees would fall!"

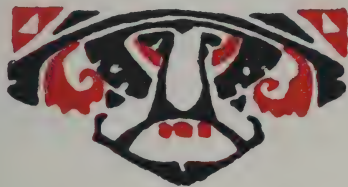
He whistled the second time and brought the branch down on to the devil's head still harder. At this the devil begged the man not to whistle again.

"As you whistled three times, I will too," said the man.

He whistled the third time and struck with all his might. At this the devil tore the bandage from his eyes and, without even looking for the uprooted trees, ran straight off to hell.

The bag of gold was left with the man.

HOW A SOLDIER PUNISHED THE DEVILS



HOW A SOLDIER PUNISHED THE DEVILS



ONCE upon a time there was an old soldier, who had served in the army many years. He had gone through many battles and had suffered much, yet he had no wish to leave the army, until one day, after serving as sentinel, he returned tired and hungry and received nothing to eat. He went to bed hungry and cross, and that night he dreamed that a little gray-haired man came to him and said: "Leave the army and go into the world. It will go well with you." When the soldier awoke in the morning, he thought of his dream and wondered what he should do. The next night he had the same dream. The soldier debated: "Shall I, shall I not?" The third night the little old man said to him again: "Leave the army and go into the world. It will go well with you."

The soldier decided and, as soon as it was morning, announced his intention of leaving the army. He was allowed to go and was given a few pieces of gold as wages for the time he had served. Putting his pipe and bottle into his knapsack, he parted with his comrades and set out cheerfully. He was happy to be at liberty

and walked briskly along the road all that day. As the sun was sinking to sleep in the west, the soldier came to an inn by the roadside, where he decided to stay that night.

There was a gay company within and they invited the soldier to join them. He told them stories of war and of the brave deeds he had done and, when the truth did not sound big enough, he stretched it a bit. The guests, however, were all glad to listen.

The soldier enjoyed being at the inn so much that he stayed there three days and three nights, eating and drinking until his money was nearly spent. There remained but three small pieces.

"These I will put away," he said, "for I shall need them on my journey. One will be for tobacco, one for brandy and one for bread."

So with a light heart and a lighter pocket, the soldier went on his way.

The road from the inn led through a long, deep wood. When he reached the middle of it, he saw a beggar sitting by the road, holding out his hat, begging alms. The soldier drew one of the coins from his pocket, saying to himself: "Oh well, I can live without tobacco," and, tossing the piece to the beggar, he went on.

It was not long before he saw another beggar by the road, a cripple. The soldier felt sorry for the cripple

and, taking the second coin, he said, " Oh well, I shall get along even without the brandy," and gave the piece to the beggar.

He walked on and, as he was nearing the edge of the wood, he saw a beggar there, old and bent. His hair was white as snow, his hands shook with age and he stretched them out to the soldier, begging, in God's mercy, for help. The soldier pitied the poor man and drew the last piece from his pocket, saying: " One piece, or nothing? I can do without the bread too." He handed the beggar his last bit of money and started to go on, but the old man called out: " I do not want you to regret giving your last penny to the poor. Charity



brings its reward. Make three wishes and they shall come true, but consider well what is most to be desired."

The soldier smiled, thought awhile, and then said: "I wish that the supply of brandy in my bottle would never grow less!"

"So be it. Two more wishes you may make, but be careful."

The soldier knew at once. "If only I could always smoke, yet never have to fill my pipe!"

The old man consented to that and added: "Now consider well your last wish."

But, without much thinking, the soldier struck his knapsack and said: "I wish that when I say 'Into my knapsack,' there would instantly be there whatever I want."

The old man gravely shook his head. "So be it even this time, but, soldier, you have forgotten about heaven; some day you may be sorry for it!" And then he vanished.

The soldier thought there was plenty of time to think about heaven. He was eager to see if his wishes had come true, so he pulled out his bottle, took a deep draught, and behold! the bottle was as full as before. Then he put his pipe to his lips, puffed, and the smoke rolled out as from a chimney.

"That is good," thought the soldier. "Now, how about the knapsack?"

Just then a rabbit ran by. Catching sight of it, he called out: "Into my knapsack!" and the rabbit instantly leaped into the sack.

In high spirits, the soldier walked out of the wood and saw before him the red roofs of a city in the valley below. It was a large city and, on a height above it, stood a beautiful castle. The soldier followed the road and toward evening entered the gate, thinking: "It's poor supping and poor lodging without a penny in your pocket."

As he walked along the market-place, he passed a house where a rich miser sat in the window counting out the money he had extorted from the people that day. It was a fine pile of silver coins.

"Into my knapsack!" exclaimed the soldier and, immediately, the silver coins were clinking in his sack.

Then he went to the inn and ordered supper. The innkeeper looked with suspicion on the old soldier in his shabby clothes, but he reached into his knapsack and drew out a handful of coins.

"Have no fear; here's the money!"

The innkeeper at once brought food and drink and sat down beside him for a chat. The soldier asked what news there was in the city.

"Nothing particular," answered the innkeeper, "unless it is that the prince had to leave the castle. It is haunted."

"What haunts the place?"

"No one knows. At midnight there is always such a furious commotion in the great hall, that all the windows shake. When they set men to watch, they find them dead in the morning."

"I would venture to watch," said the soldier, "if the prince would send two men with me, so that I should not be lonely, and add to that a good supper and a bottle of wine. I would go to the castle this very night."

Hearing that, the innkeeper ran to the prince and told him what the soldier had said. The prince was pleased and ordered two men to go with the soldier, but they went very unwillingly.

When the three men reached the castle, they lighted the candles, made themselves comfortable in the great hall and sat down to the supper they had brought with them. After they had eaten, the soldier drew some old cards from his pocket and a handful of coins from his knapsack, divided them and they played. So the time passed quietly until twelve o'clock sounded from the tower, when the doors burst open and a devil flew into the hall. The two men dropped their cards from fear, but the soldier calmly ordered them to play on.

The devil became angry that no one noticed him, stepped up to the table and called out in a thundering voice: "How dare you come here, you worms of the earth?"



He was about to lay hold of one of the men, when the old soldier cried out: "Into my knapsack!" and that moment the devil was kicking about in the knapsack under the table.

Before one could count five, a second devil appeared. He leaped about the hall, neighing and stamping, but the men continued playing as though nothing had happened. The devil then rushed up to the table, but the old soldier pushed him aside, saying: "Go away, you smell too strongly of sulphur!"

At this the devil flew into a rage and was about to throw himself upon the soldier, who quickly called out: "Into my knapsack!" and there he was.

That instant a third devil burst into the hall. He flew madly about, puffing at such a rate that the lights on the table were almost blown out. The soldier turned from his cards and called: "What do you mean by behaving so? We can scarcely see the cards. Get out of here instantly!"

"How dare you, miserable worm!" roared the devil.

The soldier only waved his hand and said: "Into my knapsack!" and this devil found himself with the other two.

After that, all was quiet in the castle. Nothing stirred. When one o'clock struck, the old soldier said: "It is time to sleep, so let us to bed, nothing will disturb us now."

In the morning, the people were waiting outside the castle anxious to learn what had happened. As no one appeared, they all thought that these men, too, had perished. They went inside, into the great hall and there, stretched out comfortably upon their beds, lay the three men snoring.

On being wakened, the soldier immediately ordered men to go for the blacksmith and bring his anvil and largest hammers. When this was done, the blacksmith stood by the anvil, while the soldier cautiously opened his knapsack. One of the devils stuck out his head, but the soldier seized him by the neck and laid his horns upon the anvil.

"And now, off with his horns!"

The blacksmith was afraid to strike, but the soldier threatened to put him into the knapsack with the devils, if he did not obey. That was sufficient and the blacksmith pounded off the devil's horns.

"Will you ever haunt the castle again?" asked the soldier.

"Never!" screamed the devil as he scrambled out of the knapsack and went flying out of the window.

The second devil and the third were treated in the same manner and then the soldier betook himself to the prince.

The prince was overjoyed, gave the soldier a chest of money and built him a fine house, in which he

lived contentedly many years, smoking his pipe in comfort.

When the soldier began to feel that it was nearly time to part with this world, he asked that his knapsack, bottle and pipe be buried with him. It was done as he wished. Upon reaching the other world, he went straight to the gate of heaven and knocked. Saint Peter opened, but when he saw who it was, he said: "You do not belong here. You were once allowed to choose what you wished and you never thought of heaven."

What was the soldier to do? He turned about and went down to hell. There he knocked upon the gate and, as it opened, a devil without horns stuck out his head. Seeing the soldier, he cried: "Don't let him in. He is the one who broke off our horns." The gate was slammed in the soldier's face and nothing remained for him to do but to go back whence he had come.

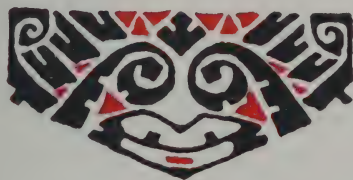
On the way he wondered what he should do, when, suddenly, a bright thought came. He went up again to the gate of heaven and knocked. Saint Peter opened. "Into my knapsack!" he called out, and instantly Saint Peter found himself in the sack, unable to get out. The soldier slipped into heaven, closed the gate and then set Saint Peter free. The saint ran off to complain that the soldier would make trouble in heaven.

“ Never mind,” he was answered, “ just be careful not to find yourself in the knapsack again!”

So the soldier remained in heaven and he is still there to this very day.



ABOUT THE REAL AND THE UNREAL
DEVILS



ABOUT THE REAL AND THE UNREAL DEVILS



HERE was once a poor man who had a wife and five children and they had nothing to eat. They had a godfather in the village, a rich sedlak,¹ but he was so miserly that he would not give them even a piece of bread. So these people lived in want, rising hungry in the morning and going to bed hungry at night.

One day, as this poor woman was going to a neighboring village to beg some bread for her children, she followed the path along a stream. The water had washed away part of its banks and, as she was walking along, a great piece of earth gave way under her, and she barely saved herself from falling into the water. And then she saw that, as the earth had fallen away, a huge pot full of golden ducats had rolled out from its hiding-place. Overjoyed, the woman quickly gathered the money into her apron and ran home.

Now their misery was ended. They hid the money in a chest in the garret, so that no one should know of it. Then, taking a ducat, the woman went to their god-

¹ A peasant who owns land.

father and asked for a loaf of bread. The sedlak began to scold, saying that he had none for beggars, but when he saw the ducat, he brought the loaf at once. He asked her where she got the money and the woman, an honest soul, told him by what chance she had found the gold.

The miserly sedlak begrudged them their riches and one day he said to his wife: "I would like to have that money, but how am I to get it?"

She was still more miserly and at once thought of a way. "I'll tell you. To-night we will kill our black cow and you must wrap yourself in the hide with the horns upon your head. Then at midnight go to the hut,



knock on the door and tell them you are the devil and have come for the money."

The sedlak listened and did all as his wife advised. Just before midnight, he was at the hut pounding on the door and rattling an iron chain. The poor man put his head out of the window and asked who was there and what was wanted.

"I am the devil and I have come for my money," thundered the sedlak.

The poor man had but little courage left when he saw the black head with its horns.

"Do you hear?" he said to his wife, "the devil has come for the money. Give it to him, I want nothing to do with it."

But the wife was braver and refused, for who knew what all this might mean?

So the sedlak stalked about the hut in vain and, very soon after midnight, went away. He thought that by coming every night he would frighten them yet. The next night he came again and with a loud noise demanded the money, but again he got nothing.

By this time the poor man was so frightened that next morning he said: "Wife, if that devil comes again, I will give him the money myself. Indeed, who knows what kind of gold it may be?"

This intention he also told the sedlak who, acting as



though he knew nothing, came to spy out how the poor man felt.

"All is won," thought the sedlak, "to-night I shall get the money surely."

That evening, after the day's work, the poor man was sitting in front of his hut, when a strange man in hunter's dress came up the road. Dusty and tired from his journey, he asked the poor man to lodge him for the night.

"If you are brave enough to stay, I shall be glad to have you. Terrible things have been happening here."

And then the poor man told him about the money they had found and how the devil had been coming for it. The hunter was eager to see this devil, so the poor man led him into the hut, glad that they were not to be alone that night.

As it neared twelve o'clock, the same noise and rattling was heard. The poor man was preparing to give up the money, when the hunter said: "Open the door! Let him in!"

The wife objected, thinking that if they paid no attention, he would go away again. At this the hunter jumped up and opened the door. When the horned monster stepped into the room, the hunter asked: "Who are you and what are you looking for?"

"I am the devil and I have come for my money."

The hunter answered: "You are a devil? I am one too. Well then, we shall go where we both belong."

He picked up the sedlak and flew with him out of the window and all that remained in the room was a little smoke and the smell of brimstone.

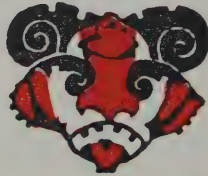
In the morning, the sedlak's wife came to ask if her husband had been there.

"He hasn't been here for a long time," answered the poor man's wife. "I can scarcely remember when. But a strange thing happened here last night."

And then she told her all.

The sedlak's wife knew at once that it was her husband whom the devil had carried off, but she never said a word.

Afterward, the poor man bought a fine piece of land with the money and he and his family were very happy.



THE DEVIL'S GIFTS



THE DEVIL'S GIFTS



HERE was once a weaver who had become so poor that he had nothing left to eat. His wife said to him one morning: "Our neighbor is killing a hog today; go and beg a piece of meat. Perhaps he will give you some and that would be a dinner."

The weaver went and begged his neighbor for a piece of the meat, but the neighbor, who was very greedy, refused. Still the poor man begged: "Have pity on me; my wife and children are dying of hunger and I have nothing to give them."

Thereupon, the neighbor angrily cut off a piece and said: "Take it and go to the devil!"

The poor man took it and thanked him, but outside the tears started to his eyes at his neighbor's unkindness. Looking at the meat, he said to himself: "Truly, I would rather ask charity of the devil."

Hardly had he uttered it, when a little black man appeared before him who said that he would gladly show him the way. The poor man was so bewildered that he followed him without knowing what he was doing. In a short time, they reached the gates of hell.



"Now I advise you," said the black man, "to take that meat to Lucifer. He will accept it and, when he asks what you wish in return, ask for the cloth he has spread on the table."

The devil led the weaver into a large room where Lucifer sat at a table.

"What are you bringing us?" he asked.

"A piece of meat."

"And what do you wish for it?"

"Give me the cloth you have on your table."

The weaver received the cloth and returned to the earth.

"Do you know what kind of a table-cloth that is?" asked the devil who had been his guide.

"How should I know?" answered the weaver. "I only see that it is coarsely woven."

"Such a cloth, my dear weaver, you could never weave. If you spread it and say:

'Of meat and drink for our pleasure,
Let there be bountiful measure,'

all that you wish will immediately appear."

Then the devil led him to the road and showed him the way home.

But the return journey was longer. The weaver walked until evening and, as it was getting dark, he stopped at an inn for the night. When asked if he

wanted supper, he smiled and said: "No." Then, spreading his own cloth on the table he said:

"Of meat and drink for our pleasure,
Let there be bountiful measure."

Immediately the table was covered with all kinds of good things, and he and the astonished innkeeper ate and drank.

After supper, when the weaver had gone to bed, the innkeeper said to his wife: "A table-cloth like that would be a treasure!"

"We have one much like it," she answered; "let us put ours in its place and he will never know."

While the weaver slept, they took his wonderful cloth and put theirs in its place. In the morning, after the weaver had washed and dressed, he spread the cloth and said:

"Of meat and drink for our pleasure,
Let there be bountiful measure."

But the table remained empty. The weaver called the second time, still there was nothing. Not even the third time did any food appear. So the weaver picked up the cloth and went back to hell.

On the way, he met the devil who had been his guide and told him that the table-cloth had obeyed him only once and, now that it was of no use, he was taking it back.

"Take it to Lucifer then," said the devil, "and ask him to give you the rooster you will see there."

The weaver went to Lucifer, gave him the cloth and received in return the rooster, which he took under his arm and returned to the earth.

"Do you know what kind of a rooster that is?" asked his guide.

"How should I know? I have noticed only that it doesn't like to crow, for I haven't heard it yet."

"But it will crow as soon as you command and each time a ducat will fall from its bill."

That night the weaver arrived at the inn again and the innkeeper asked him if he had any money. The weaver set the rooster on the table and commanded it to crow. The rooster crowed immediately and a ducat fell from its bill. So the weaver had a good supper and a soft bed.

When he had gone to sleep, the innkeeper said to his wife: "A rooster like that would really be a treasure!"

"We have a rooster much like his," she answered; "let us put ours in its place and he will never know."

They exchanged roosters and the weaver knew nothing. When he got up in the morning he commanded the rooster to crow, but the rooster did not wish to crow. In vain the weaver commanded and, angrily picking up the rooster, he went back to Lucifer again.

He told the devil, who was standing at the gate, that the rooster had crowed only once and now it would not obey.

"Give it to Lucifer then," said the devil smiling, "and ask him for the big stick that stands in the corner near the door."

The weaver took the rooster to Lucifer, was given the big stick in place of it, and hurried away. As he met his guide, he asked him what power it might have.

"That is such a stick, my dear sir, that when you say:

'Stick, alert!
Make it hurt!'

it will beat the one who has wronged you. And let me tell you also, that they cheated you twice at the inn. Go back there and the stick will help you."

When the weaver heard all this, he went straight to the inn and asked for lodging. As the innkeeper saw he had nothing with him but a stick, he refused.

"Just go along, I have no room to-day."

Seeing the weaver did not move, he pushed him out of the door. At this the weaver raised his stick and called out:

"Stick, alert!
Make it hurt!"

and the stick began a lively dance upon the innkeeper's back. He tried hard to defend himself, but the stick kept right on and as it drubbed, so it drubbed. When he begged to have it stopped, the weaver answered: "When you return my table-cloth and rooster, there shall be an end to this beating."

What could the innkeeper do but bring the cloth and the rooster? The weaver took them and went on his way. When he reached home he found his wife and children almost starved.

"A good father you are, indeed, to leave us in our great need and go out into the world by yourself!" said his wife.

But the weaver answered merrily: "There is an end to all that now."

He spread the cloth on the table and said:

"Of meat and drink for our pleasure,
Let there be bountiful measure."

Immediately the table was filled with all kinds of good things and the weaver and his family ate and made merry.

"A fine thing, such a cloth!" rejoiced the wife.

"But I have something far better," said the weaver, and he brought in the rooster and set it upon the table. "Now crow!" he commanded and the rooster crowed. Each time it opened its bill, a golden ducat

dropped from it. All day the rooster crowed and they gathered the ducats into a great chest.

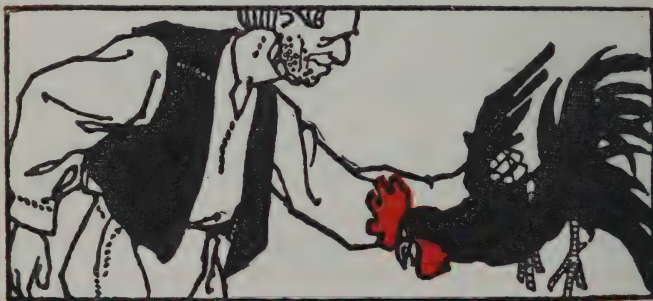
When the news reached his rich neighbor, he came running to the weaver and asked: "My dear fellow, tell me where you went for these things. If I had not given you the meat, how would you have found this fortune?"

The weaver told him all truthfully.

At this the miser took the best piece of meat he had and said that he, too, would take it to Lucifer. Suddenly, somehow, from somewhere, a black man appeared in the road before him and offered to show him the way. Before he was aware, he found himself in hell. The gates opened and the devils all stood there asking: "What are you bringing us?"

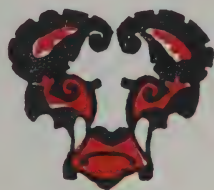
"A piece of meat," the miser replied.

Thereupon they all laughed and said: "Surely you

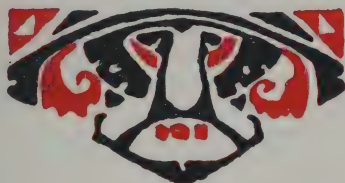


have never given alms so willingly to any one as you bring us this meat. In return for such generosity, we shall keep you with us forever."

The gates of hell closed behind the miser and he returned home no more.



ABOUT THE DEVIL AND THE BLACKSMITH



ABOUT THE DEVIL AND THE BLACKSMITH



HERE was once a blacksmith in the village who was very poor. He was a large man with such strength that he could break great rocks with one blow of his hammer, but of what use was it when there was no work to do? Very often the anvil did not ring for days and the fire went out. Sorely troubled, the blacksmith often sat in front of his smithy wondering what he could do. In this same shop his great-grandfather had busied himself with the sledge-hammer and was he now to leave it?

One day a stranger in hunter's dress and green hat rode up to the smithy on a big black horse. The horse had lost a shoe, so the man dismounted and called the blacksmith. He was glad to have something to do, hurriedly started the fire and began to shoe the horse. As he worked, the stranger asked him about himself and how his business was prospering. At this the blacksmith began to complain of how poor he was, how little there was to do, how his wife and children often went hungry, so that he was fairly beside himself with anxiety.

The stranger smiled and said: "I know of help, but you would have to be a very brave man."

"Why should I not be?" answered the blacksmith. "Hunger adds courage and want makes heroes. I should not fear even the devil himself."

At this the stranger laughed and said: "I am the devil. I will lead you out of want, but you must sign your name in blood."

When the blacksmith saw help before him, he thought of nothing else and signed himself to the devil. After the horse was shod, the devil drew a bag of gold from under his saddle and, giving this to the blacksmith, said that he would come for him at the appointed time. Then, mounting his horse, he rode away.

The blacksmith called his wife and showed her the money, but he did not tell her how he had obtained it. So now they lived in comfort, forgetting all about their poverty.

One evening, soon after, two pilgrims, tired and dusty from their journey, stopped at the smithy and asked for lodging. The blacksmith's wife, who was a good soul, took them in at once and shared with them their supper of potatoes and broth. That night they slept in the loft and the next morning, after a good breakfast, they were ready to go on. To reward the blacksmith for his kindness, they asked him to make three wishes.

The blacksmith guessed that they were no ordinary men, so he pondered over it carefully. Then he answered: "First, I wish that whoever comes into the smithy and lays his hand on the anvil will not be able to draw it away until I say he may; next, that whoever sits down on the bench in front of the smithy will have to remain there as long as I wish; then, that whoever shakes one of my apple-trees will not be able to get away until I am willing."

His wishes were granted and the two holy men went on their way. They had hardly left, when his wife began to scold him for not wishing something sensible, but he was happy and replied: "Hush wife, I know what I am doing."

When years had passed and the time was at hand when the devil should come for the blacksmith, he appeared one evening in the smithy, but this time in his true likeness, all black and with horns. The blacksmith was a little frightened at first, but quickly collected himself.

"Welcome, my dear sir! I remember now why you come. As soon as I finish this work, I will go with you," and he hammered on.

When he had finished he said to the devil: "I have worked hard to be ready, just feel how hot the anvil is from my blows."

The devil barely touched it, but he could not draw

his hand away. He twisted and pulled, but it was of no use. The blacksmith, hardly able to keep from laughing, called: "Come away from the anvil, I wish to be off and you do not move."

The devil soon found that he could not get away, so he had to beg the blacksmith to free him.

"I will free you, but you must give me seven years more."

What was the devil to do? He had to agree and he slunk away baffled.

After seven years, he came again. The blacksmith was busy with his work when the devil appeared in the doorway.

"Welcome! In just a little while I shall finish this work. Won't you come in and wait?"

The devil grinned and answered: "No, I will wait outside," for who knew to what the blacksmith might keep him fastened? And he sat down on the bench by the door.

When the blacksmith finished his work, he took his cap and stick, stepped out and said that he was ready to go. But the devil couldn't get up! He squirmed and tugged, but all to no purpose. Again there was nothing left but to beg the blacksmith for his freedom. The blacksmith promised he would free him only on condition that the devil would give him seven years more. The devil did not like to, but consented nevertheless.



He went away in anger, cursing the cunning blacksmith and swearing that he would never be cheated again.

Again the seven years ran by as swiftly as water in a brook, and the devil came for the blacksmith the third time. This time, however, he did not venture into the smithy, not even on to the doorstep, but standing in the yard, he called to the blacksmith to get ready, that he could not wait for him long.

The blacksmith went out to him and said: "Just a moment's patience, I am coming." Then he called into the house where the children were hiding in fear: "Honza, shake down a few apples for father, I haven't tasted them this year. Don't be afraid of this gentleman, he will not harm you."

Overcoming his fear, Honza went into the yard to shake down some apples, but found that he was not strong enough. Seeing his efforts and feeling sorry for the little fellow, the devil called out: "Wait, I will help you shake."

The devil shook the tree and the apples came tumbling down all about them, but, suddenly, he realized that he could not get away. He pulled and jerked, but it was of no use, he was fast to the tree! Then he saw that the blacksmith had cheated him again.

The blacksmith chuckled to himself and called: "Come, come, my dear sir, I am ready."



The devil was beside himself with rage. At that the blacksmith picked up a stout stick and ran up to him saying: "So, you would make a fool of me! Take that! and that!" briskly applying the stick to the devil's back. After he had given him a good beating, he set him free. The devil threw his feet over his shoulders and dashed away as though his head were afire.

"If you dare to show yourself again, I will treat you in a worse fashion," called the blacksmith after him.

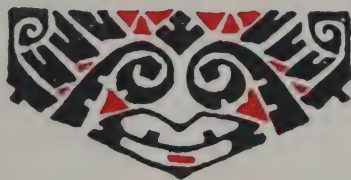
But it never even occurred to the devil to show himself again and they lived happily at the smithy many years.

When, finally, that old man with the scythe came for the blacksmith, he went up to the gate of heaven, but Saint Peter refused to admit him, saying that as he had not wished for heaven before, it was too late

now. The blacksmith turned back and followed the road to hell. There at the gate sat that very devil whom he had so outwitted. Remembering what had befallen him at the apple-tree, the devil jumped up, locked the gate and would not let him in. So the blacksmith went back to heaven, knocked at the gate and, when Saint Peter opened, quickly slipped in. There he hurriedly spread out his leathern apron, sat down upon it and would not be driven away. He was sitting on his own, he said, and would not leave it. What could they do? They finally left him, and he is there, sitting on his own, to this very day.



HOW THE DEVIL BECAME AFRAID OF A
WOMAN



HOW THE DEVIL BECAME AFRAID OF A WOMAN



ONCE upon a time a devil came to live among men. He had quarreled with the other devils, and for some misdeed had been brought before Lucifer, prince of the devils. As punishment, he was sentenced either to leave hell and enter the service of men for seven years, or to bring Lucifer one human soul each day. It was a hard task to betray a human soul every day; rather would he become a servant. He was loth to leave hell, but he had to obey, and reluctantly set out to seek service.

He wandered about on the earth a long time, but no one wanted him; they were afraid of him because he was so black. The devil soon found that seeking service would be no easy matter. One day, he entered a certain village and at the first cottage asked for work.

"That is a difficult matter," they answered; "you will scarcely find any here unless you go to the ill-tempered selka ¹ on the near-by farm, but she treats her servants so cruelly that it would take the devil himself to bear it. No one stays with her longer than a month."

¹ Countrywoman.

When the devil heard that, he sought her out and entered her service. But he soon regretted it. There was so much work from morning till night, that he could hardly endure it, but little to eat and that very poor. It seemed that not even the devil would be able to stay.

He wondered how he might better himself. Hearing one day that the selka wished to marry and that no one wanted her because she was such a shrew, he said to her: "Selka, take me for a husband. I am a good looking fellow and can do a good piece of work, too!"

The devil did not especially please her, but, as there were none to choose from, she finally took him, thinking: "If I make a husband of the servant, I shall at least be able to save his wages."

But the devil served himself poorly. It was even worse for him than before. He had to drudge from early morning till late at night, for the selka would not hire another servant and each day she gave him less to eat. From that time, she herself would not so much as pick up a straw, saying: "I have a husband, let him tend the farm." So the devil found he had stepped from the mud into the mire.

When he could endure it no longer, he said to the selka: "I did not become your husband just to drudge and have nothing for it. You must give me half of the crop."

The selka laughed wickedly and answered: "Very well then, you shall have it. Now choose for yourself. Do you wish the upper or the lower half of the crop?"

The devil answered that he wished the upper.

That year the selka ordered beets to be planted. When they were grown, he was given the leaves and she kept the beets.

"I will be wiser next year," he thought, and in the spring he chose the lower half of the crops. This time they sowed a field of poppies, and in the fall all the poppy-seed went to the selka and the devil had the roots.

He was so beside himself with anger and grief, that he sat down in front of the cottage and cried. A traveller passing that way asked him why he was crying.

"I have a cruel wife," answered the devil; "she makes me do the work of four men and will not give me half enough to eat."

The traveller smiled and said: "Why do you sit here? If you cried a river of tears you could never change women. Leave her and go with me into the world."

The devil was willing at once and went away with him. The traveller had a few pennies and with these he bought all they needed. When the last one was gone, he said: "Comrade, I have spent all. Now, as I have nothing left, it is your turn to furnish the money, for it is hard to travel without it."



"Very well. First you must know that I am a devil, but fear nothing, for as you helped me, I will help you. Do you see that city in the distance? Now I shall go ahead into the city and you follow slowly after. By evening you will reach it. At the gate, ask the first person you see the news of the town and when he tells you, go to the prince and say you will do as he wishes, but only for a thousand ducats. The rest will come of itself."

The traveller wished to ask what it would be, but the devil had suddenly vanished. He walked on toward the city and, as he reached the gate, he met an old man of whom he asked the news.

"Oh, my dear fellow, our prince has a great sorrow. His daughter is possessed of a devil and there is no one who can help her."

Now the traveller understood what the devil had meant and he asked the old man to show him where the prince lived.

When he was brought before the prince, he said: "I hear that your daughter is possessed of a devil. I will heal her for a thousand ducats."

The prince gladly promised and the traveller was admitted to the princess. She was raging furiously and no one was able to quiet her. The traveller acted as though he were learned in all kinds of charms and enchantments, muttered strange words that no one

could understand, made secret signs over the princess and finally called out: "Depart from her, thou evil spirit!" and immediately the devil left the princess and she was well as before. The prince joyfully paid him the thousand ducats and the traveller left the city in high spirits.

Outside the gate, the devil was waiting and the traveller thanked him for all the money. But the devil answered: "That is not enough. Because you helped me to escape from my wife, you deserve much more. Now we shall go to another city. I shall hurry ahead again and go to the princess. You follow, heal her, but for two thousand ducats."

The devil vanished and the traveller walked on slowly to the city. There all happened as before and the traveller carried away two thousand ducats.

At that time, the seven years, which the devil had to serve on earth, were ended, and so he said: "Now that you have money enough, I shall leave you. I shall find another princess, but from her I will not depart. I have served long, I wish also to rule. If they should send for you to help this princess, under no condition let them persuade you, for it would cost you your life." Then the devil parted from his companion.

It was not long before it was noised abroad that the princess of a certain town was possessed of an evil spirit. The unfortunate king sought help wherever



he could. Magicians, one after another, went to the court, but were not able to help her. One day some one told the king of the traveller who had healed two princesses. Messengers were sent in every direction to find this wonderful man who could heal the princess.

Remembering the words of the devil, the traveller sought to hide himself when he heard that they were seeking him, but he could not escape them. When he did not wish to go, they took him by force.

“ I will give you all the money that you want, if you will heal my daughter,” said the king.

The traveller answered that it was impossible.

This angered the king and he cried out: "If you do not heal her, you shall be shorter by a head!"

What was the traveller to do? He went to see the king's daughter, but demanded that he be left alone with her.

The devil raged furiously when he saw the traveller and through the lips of the poor princess he said: "Is this the way you remember my words? If you do not go away at once, you shall die."

But the traveller answered: "I have but come to warn you, that below in the palace, the selka is waiting. She heard you were here and has come to take you back home."

When the devil heard that his wife was there, he waited for nothing, but straightway flew off to hell. The princess was healed and the traveller received so much money that he had to haul it away on a wagon.



HOW A YOUNG MAN SERVED IN HELL



HOW A YOUNG MAN SERVED IN HELL



ONCE upon a time there was an orphan named Jiřík. A falling tree in the forest had robbed him of his father and, after that, his mother had lived in poverty and trouble until she, too, died. At that time the boy was seven years old and he was alone in the world, like a wild pear-tree in the midst of a field. The sedlak from a neighboring farm took the boy out of pity, but gave the little fellow no care. He gave him the geese to tend, and when Jiřík was bigger, the cattle to herd, and later he made a servant of him. But things did not go well with Jiřík, for the sedlak was so very stingy that Jiřík often went hungry and had only threadbare clothes to wear even on Sundays. Of wages that were due a servant, there was never any mention.

One day, when he was twenty years old, he said to himself: "Surely I have suffered enough poverty. I will stay here no longer. It is true, the sedlak took me in when I was young, but I have served him more than enough in return. I will go into the world to seek my fortune."

He set out, but fortune is a rare flower; who seeks

it, often seeks in vain. Jiřík walked a long time, wandering through far countries, but of fortune he never caught a glimpse. He sought service everywhere, but could find none.

One day he saw a sedlak standing at his gate and asked him for work. The sedlak, who happened to be in a bad temper, did not even wait to listen, but told him to go about his business.

"Good father," said Jiřík, "have pity. I will work for you just for my bread, only let me stay."

The sedlak was angry and answered gruffly: "To the devil with you!" and slammed the gate in his face.

Sadly the young man turned away and tears started to his eyes. As he walked along the road, blinded by his tears, he barely escaped the hoofs of a horse that came dashing along with its rider. The horse reared, plunged to one side, and the rider angrily called out: "The devil take you! Can't you get out of the way?" Jiřík, as though shaken out of a dream, was about to answer, when the man set spurs to his horse and galloped on.

"That is the second one who sends me to the devil to-day," said Jiřík to himself. "Indeed I should be glad to go, if only I knew how to find him, for serving him could not be as bad as my misery."

As evening came on, Jiřík reached a thick wood through which the road led, and where it was begin-

ning to be dark among the trees. Very soon he heard the sound of horses' hoofs and the noise of a carriage, so he stepped to the side of the road and watched through the dusk. A black carriage was coming, drawn by a pair of fine horses, but there was no coachman. In the carriage sat a man who held the reins. Seeing Jiřík, he drew up and asked him where he was going.

"To seek service, my dear sir," answered Jiřík.

"Come then and work for me," said the man, "you will not be sorry."

Jiřík was willing at once, climbed into the carriage and drove away.

The road led through the thick wood into a barren region, where there was nothing but rocks and wild ravines. Finally the horses stopped in front of a dark gate set between two rocks. "Here we are, at home," said the man, the gate opened and Jiřík saw that he was in hell. He was brave though, gave no sign of fear and followed his master. They came to huge vaulted rooms where big black kettles, with fires burning under them, stood in rows. Dark figures darted about the fires busily piling on more wood. The master led Jiřík into one of the rooms, pointed to a row of kettles and said: "Here is your work. Keep the fires burning briskly, and do not trouble yourself about anything else. When you have served your time, I will pay you well." So Jiřík found work.



In this same room there was a devil, whose duty also it was to tend fires. He was old and his feet pained him sorely. Jiřík felt sorry for him and told him to rest while he did the work for both. The old fellow was grateful for this, and said: "Because you are so kind to me, I will give you some good advice. When your service here is ended and the master asks you what you wish, ask for nothing but the little leather bag he has in his belt. He will offer you bags of gold instead, but remain firm and insist upon the little bag."

Seven years passed before Jiřík was aware of it, and, at the end of the seventh, the master came, praised Jiřík for his faithful service and said: "Tell me how I am to reward you."

"Give me the bag you have in your belt," answered Jiřík.

The master did not want to give it. He offered Jiřík a bag of gold, then two, even three. Jiřík was firm, he wanted the little bag and nothing else. Finally the master said: "Here it is then, but you must know what kind of a bag it is. When you open it, turn it upside down and shake it, ducats will fall from it."

Jiřík thanked him and, as he was leaving, the master added: "Because you have been in this place seven years, your face has become blackened from the fires and people will avoid you, but don't let that trouble

you. If, at any time, it should make you unhappy, I will help you. When you want me, wave the bag three times in the air and I will appear."

Jirik walked forth into the world joyfully. People did, indeed, keep out of his way, for he was as black as any devil, but he did not mind it. He shook enough ducats from his bag to build a beautiful castle and there he lived in great splendor.

Now there was an old prince in that country who had three daughters. Two of them were vain and extravagant, demanding everything the most costly. They had chests full of silk dresses embroidered with silver and gold, and quantities of jewels, yet they constantly asked for more. Their father's wealth was not great enough for such extravagance and the poor prince saw with dismay that he had spent all he had. His estates were pledged and he was threatened with the loss of his principality. But the daughters did not grow less selfish. They demanded money for their pleasures, no matter how it was obtained. The prince could deny his daughters nothing and set about getting more money. He heard that a stranger had built himself a wonderful castle near by and that he had so much money that he could not count it. "He would be able to help me," thought the prince, and at once invited the stranger to visit him.

Jirik came in a splendid carriage drawn by two pairs

of white horses, his driver and footman in liveries of gold. He was warmly welcomed by the prince and led into the great hall where he met the three daughters. After they had dined, the prince took Jiřík to his own room, explained matters and asked his help. Jiřík had greatly admired the three daughters during the dinner so he answered: " Give me one of your daughters for my wife and I will help you. Tell them of what we have been talking and in two days I will come for my answer."

Then Jiřík drove away and the prince went to his daughters to tell them what Jiřík had promised.

" My dear daughters," he said, " nothing remains but that one of you must bite into this sour apple. I know he is not handsome, but he seems good and he has great wealth."

" I should have to lose my reason to marry such a monster! " replied the eldest.

" You say, father, that he is not handsome," added the second, " but even if he were ugly, if only he were not so black. I would not have such a husband for anything in the world! I should sink through the earth for shame."

The prince turned sadly to his youngest daughter. She was unlike her sisters, kind and thoughtful. " What say you, my dear? Have you no desire, either, to free your father from debt and shame? "



“ He is so ugly, father, that I am afraid of him, yet for your sake I will marry him.”

When Jiřík came for his answer, the prince brought him his youngest daughter, saying she would be his wife. The good princess, Milina they called her, shook with fright when she looked into his face, but she overcame her fear and gave him her hand. So they agreed that the wedding should take place in three weeks.

The next day Jiřík sent the prince two wagons full of money for the bride's needs and for the banquet. Everything was arranged in great haste, but with great splendor.

Only the two haughty sisters were angry. "We will not go to the wedding! The shame of it! Such a monster! People will laugh!" So they talked. Milina said nothing, but secretly she cried very often.

Jirík noticed that something was troubling his bride and easily guessed what. Remembering the words of the devil, he went into the woods behind his castle and waved the bag three times in the air. Instantly the devil appeared and asked Jirík what he wanted.

"I am about to marry the prince's daughter," answered Jirík, "but it troubles her that I am so very black. You promised to help me when I should wish it."

"Come," said the devil, and, picking up Jirík by the belt, he flew away with him. After flying a long way, they alighted in a lonely spot in the midst of great rocks. There they found a spring of water, clear as crystal. "Wash yourself in this water," said the devil. Jirík did so and then the devil flew back with him.

The day of the wedding came. Poor Milina was very unhappy and the tears rolled down her cheeks under her bridal veil. Suddenly the noise of loud cheering was heard, a carriage drawn by six horses dashed up and the bridegroom with his splendid escort entered the castle. But what was Milina's amazement when Jirík entered the room! His face was white — the bride was not sure it was he, until he spoke. Every one

was overjoyed, the bride most of all, and they drove at once to the church.

The two sisters would not go to the wedding, but hid in the garden, where they could get a glimpse of their sister sitting beside her ugly, black lover. How great was their astonishment and dismay when they beheld, in the carriage with Milina, the handsome bridegroom with his smiling face!

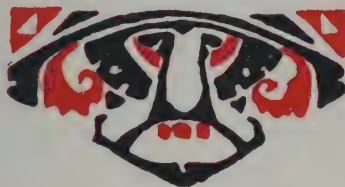
Suddenly they felt some one's hands upon their shoulders. Turning around, they saw before them the devil. He grinned at them mockingly and said: 'So my proud beauties, you did not want a black bridegroom! What if I marry one of you and find a husband for the other in hell?'

They fell on their knees and begged for mercy. The devil only chuckled.

"One of you said you would sink through the earth for shame. So be it!"

The devil seized them, stamped upon the ground and immediately the earth opened and swallowed them up. They went there, where people long had been sending them — to hell.

THE DEVIL'S MILL



THE DEVIL'S MILL



HERE was once a miller who wished to sell his mill. Things had been going from bad to worse, the summers had been dry and there was so little water in the brook that the miller could not grind. People became accustomed to going elsewhere with their grain, so that when the water did finally fill the brook and the wheel turned merrily again, there was nothing to grind.

So he tried to sell the mill, but could find no buyer. After waiting half a year, a strange dark man came to him one day and said: "I am the devil. I know where the shoe pinches and I will help you. I will buy the mill."

The miller answered that he could take nothing in exchange but money.

"For what sum will you sell?" asked the devil.

"For three bags of gold," answered the miller, and, before he was aware, the three bags stood before him. The miller made ready to leave at once, loaded his money on to a wagon and drove away.

The devil settled himself in the mill and managed things after his own fashion. People soon began to say



that the mill was haunted and would not venture near it. And so ten years passed, then twenty, a hundred were gone, and now two hundred, and still no one would go near the haunted mill, until one day in the fall, when the wind whistled through the trees and blew the red leaves from the branches, a wandering journeyman passed that way. He was of middle age, his hair streaked with gray, his body like the trunk of an oak, with the strength of four men, and he knew not what it was to be afraid. As he neared some woodcutters, who were felling trees in the forest, he called out to them: "The Lord help you!" "The Lord

grant it!" they answered and immediately warned him not to follow the road at the left, as that led to the haunted mill, that the devil lived there.

The journeyman seemed amused and said: "Indeed! then I will go and see this devil," and he set out on the road to the left. The wood-cutters looked after him with pity, saying: "Poor fellow, he will never return."

The journeyman entered the mill and, as no one was there, he sat down on a bench. He waited and waited, but nobody came. He drew out a piece of hard bread and ate it. Still nobody came. Then, placing beside him a rope of the inner bark of the linden tree, which an old millwright had given him to use against evil spirits, he filled his pipe and smoked.

Night came on and the moonlight came streaming into the mill through the window. As eleven o'clock drew near he suddenly heard footsteps above him. Trap-trap! The journeyman looked up and saw a well-dressed little man come walking down the stairs. He was very small, his wrinkled face quite dark, his green clothes of fine material and he had a green hat with a feather. He walked up to the journeyman and asked: "What are you looking for in my mill? I am the devil."

"So you are the devil," answered the journeyman. "I heard that you live here and came to see you and, indeed, I like you very much."



"Do you know that no one is allowed here?" the devil asked.

"This is a strange mill," said the journeyman, "if no one comes to have his meal ground."

That angered the devil. "I want no one. I do not grind in this mill."

"Then what do you need a mill for?" asked the journeyman. "You move out and I will stay here as miller."

That was more than the devil could endure. "Do you know with whom you are talking?" he roared.

But the journeyman wasn't the least frightened. "You have told me your name, and now I advise you to go away peaceably."

The devil could no longer contain himself and leaped at him, but at that instant the journeyman slipped the noose of his rope about the devil's neck. The devil struggled frantically to free himself, but could not.

The journeyman then tied the devil to the mill-wheel and opened the flood-gate which set the wheel in motion. The devil, turning with the wheel, was dragged first up and then down, splashing in the water and bumping his head against the wheel. He roared with anger, but finally begged to be released.

When the journeyman thought that the devil had enough, he stopped the wheel, untied him and said:

"Now go! and if you come here again I will put you between the mill-stones and grind you to powder."

The devil was all wet, his green clothes were torn, and he went limping out of the mill, promising never to show himself again.

So the journeyman settled in the deserted mill and the old wheel turned merrily for many, many years.



HOW AN OLD WOMAN CHEATED THE
DEVIL



HOW AN OLD WOMAN CHEATED THE DEVIL



IN a certain village, there was an old woman who lived all by herself in her old weather-beaten hut. She was very poor and her poverty troubled her greatly, but she could not go begging, for people would say: "She has a home and yet she begs." One day she said to herself: "What reward have I for working hard all my days and leading an honest life? In my old age I am to die of hunger."

Hardly had she said it, when some one tapped on the window. The old woman opened it and saw a black man grinning at her.

"Open the door," he said; "I am worn out from my journey and I would like to rest."

But the old woman angrily answered: "Indeed! Lodge tramps and vagabonds! Just go on your way, there is no room for you here!" and she reached out to shut the window. The black man quickly thrust in his hand, all hairy and with claws in place of nails, so that she could not close it.

She was angry and scolded. The black man chuck-



led and said: "Be still, old woman, I am not so bad. Look at this!" and on his black palm he held out a shining ducat.

Her eyes opened wide at sight of it. She snatched the money and hurried to let the stranger in. She did not care now what her guest looked like, but led him into the room and asked him if he had any more of those shining yellow pieces. The stranger again spread out his palm and lo! there was another yellow ducat. The old woman eagerly took it and put it into her pocket. "Well, well," she thought, "after all this fellow is not as bad as he appears." Then she seated him at the table and asked what she might bring him to eat.

"A piece of meat," he answered.

The old woman ran to the butcher, bought the meat and hurried home to cook it.

"It isn't very nice," she said, "it smells of smoke."

"That does not matter," he replied, "I like that kind best."

When he had eaten, the old woman sat down quite close to him and, playing with the ducat on her palm, she told him that she was a great lover of those yellow birds. The black fellow chuckled to himself.

"I will bring you as many as you like, if you will promise me your soul. I am the devil."

The old woman was not frightened a bit and she answered: "I will not promise, but I will sell. In the loft by the window hangs a bag. Fill that with ducats and when it is filled, you may have my soul."

At this the devil jumped up and flew off to hell for the money. Meanwhile the old woman hurried up to the loft and cut a hole in the bottom of the bag. When the devil arrived with the money and poured it into the bag, it fell through this hole into the loft. The devil had to fly back for more money, and he flew again and again, until there was so much money in the loft that the bag stayed filled.

Tired and angry at the way the old woman had served him, he demanded his reward. "You have the money, now give me your soul!"

But to that she answered: "It isn't yours yet. You must do one thing more for me and then you may have my soul."

To avoid a quarrel, the devil agreed and asked what he was to do. The old woman handed him a sieve and ordered: "Carry water from the pond into the barrel which stands in the garden. The vegetables need watering and there is no water."

The devil took the sieve and ran to the pond, but dip as he would and run as he would, he could never get the water as far as the barrel. When the sweat dripped from every pore and he had become so tired he could

hardly drag his feet, he flung the sieve to the ground and angrily exclaimed: " Truly I am an old devil and a mean one, but you, old woman, are still worse."

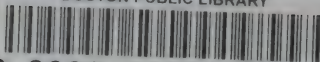
He slapped her across the face so that stars flashed before her eyes, and then vanished.

Thus the old woman got rid of the devil and had a whole loft full of money. After that everything went well with her, but the marks left by the devil's claws remained on her face all the rest of her life.





BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 09899 357 7

LUCY FITCH PERKINS

TWIN SERIES

"I do wish all foreign children were twins!" said a little girl, lifting a happy face from a volume of Lucy Fitch Perkins's Twin Series. "I just love them!" Since the appearance of "The Dutch Twins" some ten years ago, over a third of a million copies of the Series have been sold, and it is safe to say that more than a million children have been made happy by the doings of Kit and Kat, Taro and Take, Pierre and Pierrette, and the other small members of this famous international family that now comprises :

The Swiss Twins

The Puritan Twins	The Cave Twins
The Italian Twins	The Mexican Twins
The Spartan Twins	The Eskimo Twins
The Scotch Twins	The Irish Twins
The French Twins	The Japanese Twins
The Belgian Twins	The Dutch Twins

The "Twins" have an honored place in every list of recommended juveniles. They have been praised by librarians, teachers, and parents. But even more important, — the children themselves love them and eagerly await every new volume.

Each volume is profusely illustrated by the author

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

COMRADES OF THE ROLLING OCEAN

Ralph D. Paine

The thrilling adventures of three young Americans, first in a derelict steamer in the North Sea, then in a Chinese junk. *Frontispiece.*

THE DANGER TRAIL

James Willard Schultz

Another Tom Fox story, telling of the adventures of Tom and Pitamakan in country claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company.

A BOOK OF ESCAPES AND HURRIED JOURNEYS

John Buchan

Thrilling journeys from the pages of history, introducing fresh material and told with Buchan's customary vividness.

DAVID IVES: A Story of St. Timothy's

Arthur Stanwood Pier

"Arthur Stanwood Pier's boys' boarding-school stories are always good," wrote Lewis Perry, Headmaster of the Phillips Exeter Academy. *Illustrated.*

THE TRAIL OF THE SPANISH HORSE

James Willard Schultz

These adventures of Tom Fox and Pitamakan on their search for a lost horse make one of the best stories which the author has yet written. *Illustrated.*

THE MYSTERY OF THE RAMAPO PASS

Everett T. Tomlinson

This new story of the American Revolution by Mr. Tomlinson is thrillingly interesting and historically accurate. *Frontispiece.*

TOLD UNDER A WHITE OAK TREE, by Bill Hart's Pinto Pony

The intrepid pinto pony which has borne Bill Hart through many of his most brilliant film successes now tells the story of its dangerous and exciting life in the movies. *Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg.*

BATTLES AND ENCHANTMENTS

Norreys Jephson O'Conor

Myths and legends of Ireland retold from the ancient Gaelic.

THE WAY OF POETRY

John Drinkwater

This anthology, arranged primarily for young readers by the author of "Abraham Lincoln," etc., is an introduction to the brightest names in English poetry.

GOOD STORIES FOR GREAT BIRTHDAYS

Frances Jenkins Olcott

A worthy successor to the very popular "Good Stories for Great Holidays." *Illustrated.*

JUDY OF YORK HILL

Ethel Hume Bennett

York Hill is the loved boarding-school where Judy and her friends spend several of the most important and amusing years of their lives. *Illustrated.*

CHRISTMAS LIGHT

Ethel Calvert Phillips

A charming story that gives a beautiful and childlike picture of the first Christmas.